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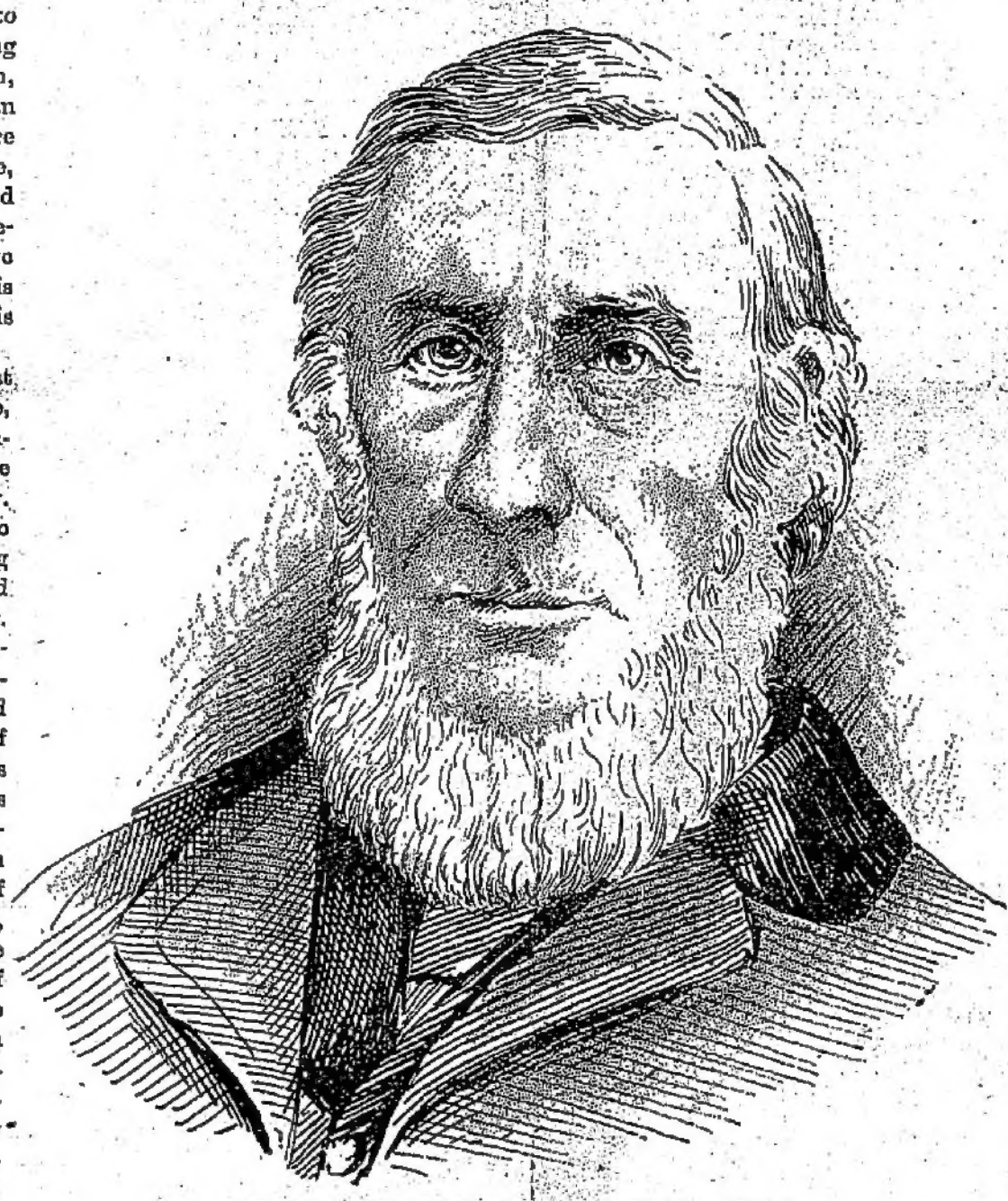
JOHN TYNDALL.

BY JAMES SIME, IN THE 'GRAPHIC.'

Everyone who takes the slightest interest in the intellectual movements of the present age was sorry to hear of the death of Professor Tyndall. No contemporary man of science was more widely known or held in higher esteem. It cannot, of course, be said that as an original investigator he ranked with the most illustrious discoverers of the nineteenth century. His contributions to knowledge cannot be compared—nor would he himself have wished to compare them—with the far-reaching results achieved by such men as Darwin, Faraday, and Joule. Still, even as an investigator he held an honored place among the scientific workers of his time, and as an expounder of the facts and laws brought to light by physical research, he displayed qualities which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. In this respect he was equalled only by his friend Professor Huxley.

Tyndall's career, like that of most men of science, was an uneventful one, so far as external incidents were concerned. He was born in 1820 in the village of Leighlin Bridge, county Carlow. The branch of the Tyndall family to which he belonged is said to have sprung from Gloucestershire, and to have settled in Ireland in the seventeenth century. His father was a trader in humble circumstances, but was a man of fine intelligence and upright character. He had so high a conception of the value of education that he contrived to keep his son at school until he was nineteen years of age. Tyndall then joined the Ordnance Survey as 'Civil Assistant,' and in this position, through the kindness of his chief, General George Wynne, R.E., who afterwards became his intimate friend, he was allowed to make himself familiar with every department of the Survey's work, both in the office and in the field. In 1844 he accepted an appointment offered to him by a Manchester firm, and during the next few years his energies were devoted to engineering in connection with railways. Meanwhile, he had become profoundly interested in various branches of abstract science, and his railway work, absorbing as it must often have been, did not prevent him from carrying on studies which accorded with his inclination. In 1847, hoping to obtain more leisure for the development of his scientific powers, he accepted a post at Queenwood College, Hampshire. Here he became intimate with Dr. Frankland, who was instructor in chemistry; and in 1848 the two friends went together to Marburg, the university of which had been made famous among men of science by the illustrious Bunsen. At Marburg Tyndall worked strenuously, studying not only under Bunsen, but under Stegmann, Gerling and Knoblauch. Afterwards he worked for some time with Professor Magnus at Berlin, so that when he returned to England he had not only a remarkably wide knowledge of physical science, but a thorough mastery of scientific method.

In 1850, during a visit from Germany to England, Tyndall made the personal acquaintance of Faraday, and in February, 1853, he delivered his first Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution, for which Faraday's labors had secured a splendid reputation. Faraday was so much pleased with the new lecturer that on his proposal, Tyndall was elected to the Institution's Chair of Natural Philosophy, which had been held early in the century by Thomas Young. Tyndall had a warm admiration for the great man who had done him such good service, and his appreciation was finely expressed, after Faraday's death, in his well-known study of 'Faraday as a Discoverer.' When Faraday resigned the office of Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, Tyndall was appointed his successor; and this position he held until 1887, when he retired. In 1876 he married Louisa, Lord Claud Hamilton's eldest daughter, who survives him. They built for themselves a pleasant home at Hind Head; and here, after his retirement, they lived during the greater part of the year, going for the summer months to their chalet on the Bel Alp, overlooking the Aletsch Glacier. Professor Tyndall, as all the world knows, had an almost passionate love for the Alps. His first visit to them was paid in 1849. In 1850 he went to them with Professor Huxley, and afterwards he allowed no year to pass without breathing their pure, invigorating air. The Alps interested him as a man of science, but their charm lay mainly in the power with which they appealed to his imagination. Tyndall was very far from being one of the Dryasdusts of science. A strong vein of poetry ran through all his thought and aspiration.



THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

His researches on the properties of ice and on their relation to the theory of glaciers occupy an important place in the record of his original work. These researches were carried on partly in his laboratory, partly among the Alps, and have done much to prepare the way for the solution of a complicated set of scientific problems. In 1859 he visited Chamounix, and claimed to have determined by his measurements the winter motion of the Mer de Glace.

Even more valuable were his long-continued investigations on the relation of simple and compound gases and of vapors to radiant heat, especially radiant heat from sources at a moderate temperature. His inquiries on this question form the subject of no fewer than six papers in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' The conclusions at which he arrived were contested by his friend, the late Professor Magnus; but Sir George Stokes, in referring to them at the banquet given to Professor Tyndall in 1887, said that they had always seemed to him to bear the stamp of truth, and that their validity had been generally admitted. Some of the inferences from Tyndall's doctrine have an important bearing on questions relating to atmospheric temperature and climatological conditions.

For some time much interest was excited in this country by the question of 'spontaneous generation.' Tyndall threw himself with characteristic enthusiasm into the controversy, and succeeded in proving by a series of carefully planned experiments that the evidence for the theory of 'abiogenesis' was wholly inadequate. In this research he had occasion, of course, to use only such methods as were appropriate to his special departments of inquiry, and the result afforded a striking illustration of the value of the services which may, under certain circumstances, be rendered by physics to biology.

Important, however, as these and other investigations were, it is not chiefly to them that Tyndall owes his fame. He ranked among the foremost men of his time, mainly because of his extraordinary power of awakening in the non-scientific public a vivid interest in strictly scientific results and processes. There are not, perhaps, in any language more luminous treatises of their kind than his book on 'Heat, a Mode of Motion,' his corresponding volume on 'Sound,' and the essays in his 'Fragments of Science.' These works are masterpieces both of thought and style, and it is incredible, even if some of the conclusions set forth in them should become antiquated, that they will ever wholly lose the place they have won in popular scientific literature. They bring out with magnificent power not only the

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methods of science, but the grandeur and impressiveness of what may be called its imaginative aspects.

Tyndall, when a boy, found much to interest him in the controversy between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and questions relating to religion continued to the last to play a part of immense importance to his intellectual life. No educated person whose memory goes back as far as twenty years can have forgotten the impression produced by the famous address delivered by him as President of the British Association at Belfast. Since that time the public have become so accustomed to the free expression of opinion that it would not be easy for a president of the British Association, even if his doctrines were more 'advanced' than those of Professor Tyndall, to create much excitement by a statement of his views. In 1874 the conditions were different, and Tyndall's heresies necessarily gave rise to a prolonged and furious controversy. The Address contained no very original ideas, but it was written in a style of remarkable grace and vigor, and at least had the merit of stimulating thought on some of the questions by which the modern world has been most deeply moved. No one would say now—as many said then—that it was the work of a thorough materialist. Some loosely expressed conceptions did seem to point in this direction, but they were not in vital accordance with the general tendencies of Tyndall's thoughts. The intimate friend of Carlyle was not likely to be a man of crudely Materialistic principles.

In his later years Professor Tyndall made himself rather prominent by the vehemence with which he fought against Home Rule. It was natural that he should feel strongly on the subject, but the violence of his language was distasteful to many even of the most resolute opponents of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Probably it was due rather to irritation caused by ill-health than to the strength of his convictions. Certainly it had a very misleading effect on those who regarded it as an expression of the essential qualities of his character. Professor Tyndall was at all times apt, perhaps, to give somewhat too dogmatic utterance to his convictions; but in his best days he had a manifest desire to be scrupulously fair in controversy, and it is well known that he often gave evidence of a finely generous temper.

WHAT THE STORY DID.

Great was the peril of Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Arcot Mission, India, in a walled town in Hyderabad. The natives, in a rage at his telling of a different God from theirs, bade him leave at once. He replied that he had a message which he must first give; but they declared that if he should say another word he would be instantly killed. He saw them standing with arms filled with paving stones, and heard them say to one another, 'You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next;' but he lifted his heart to him who can subdue man's angry passions, and asked leave to 'tell them a story,' with the understanding that then, if they pleased, they might stone him.

It was the 'old, old story' that he told them, beginning with the birth of Jesus. When he spoke of the cross, and explained that the agony there suffered was for each one of them, they listened with wonder. Surely God was speaking through the words of the missionary. Their anger ceased, their hearts were touched, they threw down their heavy stones. After telling of Jesus Christ's cry, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' of his resurrection and ascension to heaven, and of the glorious offer of salvation for all, Dr. Chamberlain said he was done—now they might stone him. But he had nothing to fear, for those men, lately infuriated, were weeping. They gathered around to buy his books, that they might read for themselves of these wonderful things.—*Christian Herald*

'THIRTY-FOLD.'

An interesting proof of how a tract may be the means of extended good comes from an Indian missionary, Rev. E. T. Pegg, of Dummagudem:—

'A merchant living about one hundred miles from here got hold of a tract. He read it, and came here to be baptized. After this had been done he went back to his native mountains. But he was not content to keep the good news of the Gospel to himself. Everywhere he went he proclaimed the word, and on Christmas day he came here to petition me to go to his place and baptize thirty people whom he had been the means of bringing to Christ. This is a grand example of the way the Gospel grows spontaneously. His village, though only a hundred miles away, takes nine days to reach, owing to the mountains, rivers and lakes.'

THINGS THAT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL DOES FOR A CHRISTIAN.

BY THE REV. JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE.

The first thing that the Sunday-school does is something personal. It has drawn out the suppressed personality of many a man as few other things have. The school is not only for teaching a lesson, but for getting as many persons as possible touched vitally by another personality. The classes whose humdrum numberings sound so dry in the secretary's report are vital things,—groups of individuals held together by a personality. It is the place where loyalties and dependences spring up between persons in a way that reports cannot recognize, but which makes life a warmer thing, not only for some waif shivering in his loneliness, but for many who have begun to shiver in the selfish isolation of refined homes, with no one to do for. Many a man who to-day knows God may have forgotten the old lessons, but not the teacher.

Another thing which the Sunday-school does for a man is to steady him. Here is a man who at one time was engaged in the Christian Endeavor, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting work. The feeling came over him that he was not getting much out of them (usually, however, because they were not getting much out of him), and so he resolved to cut off these useless fringes from his Christian life, and just cling to the fundamental usage of going to church. The almost inevitable result in such a life is that it becomes controlled by whim and feeling. If he thinks on religious matters, he is quite likely to let into the consideration but one element, himself; and no one life or mind can be trusted without other checks or balances, any more than a ship can be kept strictly to one course by simply tying the helm and leaving it. In this mood the man is tempted to sit in judgment upon all the ways of the Christian life without submitting himself to any, and no discipline will reveal its power and its reason without some submission.

There is nothing more normal and steadying and sane to the religious sense than this habitual walk with others over the great highway of God's historic dealings with the race. The really exceptional man is the one who has come to the spiritual conclusion that he is not so exceptional, after all; and that he needs most what most men have always needed.

The Sunday-school is a good deal more intellectual than we give it credit for. Many people have contempt for the intellectual part of it because they assume that every one knows what is in the Bible, and they naturally object to being taught what they already know. Every session simply proves with most of us that we only half know what is right in hand. Despising the common duty, we may prefer to seize upon luminous points here and there; but this is too spasmodic and intermittent to be educational in the highest sense. Private study is above all things desirable, if you can get it; but the averaging of facts shows that most people get the most that they know about the Bible out of the common and public study of it. Your intellectual appreciation of the Bible may be greater than another man's, but you get an intellectual something in studying it with him which you will not get alone. The Bible may be a universal and divine book, but we cannot therefore know it by a sort of inattentive instinct any better than other books. There are plenty of men glibly arguing on both sides of the inspiration question who have not opened a Bible in six months. The Sunday-school has saved to the church many thoughtful people, who, without this stimulus and invitation, would hardly have dared to do any thinking.

As to the spiritual value of it, there is in general this difference between the character developed in close contact with the Bible and that developed more by independent suggestion and culture. The former is ordinarily more responsive to large spiritual truths, and the latter to fine points and good ways of putting things. Somewhere I have heard—though, if not true, let my defective memory, and not science, be responsible for it—that the human system cannot be kept up on extras alone; that the stomach needs to be distended in order to work; and that much that is not nourishing must be taken in to insure what is nourishing being assimilated. And so living by truth boiled down by others, instead of assimilating it from the common sources, is not the normal condition. The Bible study opens large fields of thought, instead of merely giving us nuggets. Try to make any great spiritual truth too definite, and, as Coleridge says, 'you make it too small.' No organization is ideal; but, however homely any Sunday-school may be in its methods, these are some of the ideal things that come out of it.—*Sunday-School Times.*

A GREAT DEAL.

There is a great deal of religion in Christian visitation, and a great deal in the Christian hand-shake. It means sympathy, heart-help. The old world craves such. Said George Graff, the reformed drunkard, 'They have not been where I have been, and I don't believe God will save me.' He was listening to Christian testimony. 'One night as I started to go out a lady took me by the hand and said, "God bless you, there's the making of a man in you." Oh friends, those words took hold of me.'

PRAYER.

The best preparation is through prayer. Prayer lifts the heart to God and gets for the life God's daily refreshing and renewing. Indeed the first act in the doing of the work is prayer, and it is the indispensable condition of all after-doing. Do you want power? Hear Berridge: 'Much reading and thinking may make a popular preacher, but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 28, 1894.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

Gen. 9:8-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I do set my brow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.'—Gen. 9:13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 5:1-32.—From Adam to Noah.
T. Gen. 6:1-22.—The Flood Foretold.
W. Gen. 7:1-24.—The Flood Sent.
Th. Gen. 8:1-22.—The Ark on Ararat.
F Gen. 9:1-17.—The Covenant with Noah.
S. 2 Pet. 3:1-18.—Not Willing that Any Should Perish.
S Isa. 54:1-17.—'As the Waters of Noah Unto Me.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Giving of the Covenant. vs. 8-11.
II. The Token of the Covenant. vs. 12, 13.
III. The Blessing of the Covenant. vs. 14-17.

TIME.—B.C. 2348, just after the Flood.

PLACE.—Somewhere on the mountains of Ararat, which extend through Armenia to the south-west.

OPENING WORDS.

The time of this lesson is more than fifteen hundred years after the last. The world had become so full of wickedness that God, in order to preserve a people to serve him, sent a flood and destroyed all but eight persons—Noah and his family. After the flood Noah built an altar to God, and God made a covenant with him.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. *Noah*—a good man when all others were bad. *His sons*—ch. 5:32. 9. *I establish my covenant*—an agreement or a pledge and promise. 10. *Every living creature*—all creatures would receive the benefits of this covenant for man's sake. 11. *This is the token*—the sign of God's faithfulness to his word. 13. *I do set*—or appoint. *Token*—a sign that the promise would be kept. 14. *The bow shall be in the cloud*—this was not the first appearance of the rainbow, but God now made it the sign of his covenant. 17. *This is the token*—as the appearance of the bow cannot fail, no more shall God's promise.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long a period between this lesson and the last? What was the state of the world at this time? What judgment did the Lord send? Who were saved? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE GIVING OF THE COVENANT. vs. 8-11.—What did God make with Noah? What is a covenant? What was promised in this covenant? How have these promises been fulfilled? What is said of this covenant in Isaiah 54:9, 10?

II. THE TOKEN OF THE COVENANT. vs. 12, 13.—What is a token? Why is a seal used on deeds and bonds? What was the token of this covenant? What was the use of such a token? Had there been rainbows before the flood?

III. THE BLESSING OF THE COVENANT. vs. 14-17.—What is promised as to the rainbow? What will God remember when he looks upon it? Of what should it remind us? Of what covenant blessings are baptism and the Lord's Supper tokens or seals? In what other place in the Bible is the rainbow mentioned? Ezek. 1:28, Rev. 4:3; 10:1.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The goodness of a covenant-making God.
2. The faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.
3. The children of believers are included in God's covenants jointly with their parents.
4. God has appointed visible signs to remind us of his covenant promises.
5. We should love and serve our covenant-keeping God.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did God say to Noah and his sons? Ans. Behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you.
2. What was the promise of this covenant? Ans. The world shall never again be destroyed by a flood.
3. What did God make the sign of this covenant? Ans. The bow in the cloud.
3. What did God promise? Ans. When I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 4, 1894.

BEGINNING OF THE HEBREW NATION.

Gen. 12:1-9.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.'—Gen. 12:2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 11:1-9.—The Confusion of Tongues.
T. Gen. 11:10-32.—From Noah to Abram.
W. Gen. 12:1-9.—Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.
Th. Gal. 3:1-9.—Abram's Faith.
F. Acts 7:1-7.—Abram's Obedience.
S. Ruth 1:1-22.—Leaving One's People.
S. Luke 18:18-30.—Leaving All for Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Call of Abram. vs. 1-3.
II. The Obedience of Abram. vs. 4-6.
III. The Promise of Abram. vs. 7-9.

TIME.—B.C. 1921, four hundred and twenty-six years after the last lesson.

TIME.—Haran in Mesopotamia, on the Belik, a branch of the Euphrates; Canaan.

OPENING WORDS.

The descendants of Noah had become very sinful, and God determined to choose a man, and through him a nation, to be his witnesses on the earth, and from the nation to bring, in the fulness of time, the promised Saviour. In this lesson we begin the study of the man thus chosen.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Abram*—the son of Terah, born in Ur of Chalden, B.C. 1996. He lived in Ur seventy-five years; then five years in Haran; and afterward a hundred years, mostly in Canaan, and died B.C. 1822, aged 175 years. *Country....kindred.... father's house*—he was to leave all, and go by faith into a land that God would show him. 3. *Bless them that bless thee*—God will treat Abram's friends and enemies as his own. *In thee*—through Christ, the seed of Abram. Rom 9:5. 4. *Departed*—from Haran. Heb. 11:8-10. 6. *Sichem*—or Shechem, near the middle of Palestine, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. *Plain of Moreh*—Revised Version, 'Oak of Moreh.' 7. *There builded he an altar*—in token of his faith and gratitude. 8. *Bethel*—about twelve miles north of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long was it between this lesson and the last? What took place during this time? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE CALL OF ABRAM. vs. 1-3.—What had the Lord said to Abram? What was he called to leave? What did the Lord promise him? Who besides Abram's descendants have an interest in these promises? How have they been fulfilled? Gal. 3:8, 14. What call does Christ give to us? Luke 14:33.

II. THE OBEDIENCE OF ABRAM. vs. 4-6.—What did Abram do? Who went with him? How old was he when he left Haran? What is said of this in Heb. 11:8? Whom and what did Abram take with him? Describe his journey. Who were then in the land? Why did this make his obedience the more remarkable?

III. THE PROMISE OF ABRAM. vs. 7-9.—Who appeared to Abram? What did the Lord promise him? What did Abram build? To what mountain did he remove? Where did he pitch his tent? What did he do there? In what direction did he journey onward?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We must obey God's command and trust his promises.
2. We must separate ourselves from the world and its wickedness?
3. Wherever we go, we must take our religion with us.
4. In Christ the blessing of Abram has come upon all nations.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the Lord command Abram to do? Ans. The Lord commanded Abram to leave his country and kindred, and to go to a land that he would show him.
2. What did the Lord promise him? Ans. I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee.
3. What else did the Lord promise Abram? Ans. In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.
4. What did Abram do? Ans. He obeyed the Lord and went into the land of Canaan.
5. What did he do when he came into Canaan? Ans. He built an altar unto the Lord, and called upon his name.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

'DARLING.'

A mother told me yesterday the following pathetic incident, illustrating this statement. 'When Harry was four years old,' she said, 'my little Mary came. Harry was devoted to her from the first. He loved to sit by her crib, to watch me when I bathed her, to enjoy her crowing and all her cunning ways.

'One morning when I had arranged for her bath and had gathered the clean clothing about me, I found the water in the bowl was scarcely warm enough, and, as Harry had learned to turn the faucet, I said, handing him a large mug, 'Could you go to the bath-room, Harry, and bring me a mug of hot water?' He took the mug, delighted as usual to do an errand for his mamma and ran to the bath-room.

'It happened that the water was very hot, and the dear little fellow, with both hands around the mug, to hold it steady, nearly scalded the tender skin on his hands, in bringing it to me.

'But he made no exclamation of pain until I took the mug from him, determined to bring me the water.

'I kissed him as I drew him toward me, and, putting my arm about him, said, 'Why, darling, mamma's so sorry!'

He turned his face up toward me, and with a beautiful smile shining through his tears, asked, 'Is that for me!' 'What? what do you mean?' I said.

'Why, did you mean "darling" for me?' he said in a most pathetic voice, and then added, 'you know I've only been "dear" since baby came.'

'My heart came into my mouth,' said the young mother, 'and I was broken down completely. I had not realized until then that we had been using the most endearing terms to the baby, and depriving our little boy of what we had never thought he had either cherished or missed. It was a lesson I never forgot.'

Oh, young mothers, do remember that your little ones have very sensitive hearts which are easily wounded!

Remember, too, that although reproof and correction are necessary, quiet ones are oftentimes most effective, and reproofs in public should be avoided. And do not speak lightly or flippantly to the little folks when the new baby comes, but still have endearing, tender words for all.—*Standard.*

OUR EXPERIENCE BOX.

A glass of cold water the first thing after rising, and the last before retiring is strengthening to the stomach, and good for inaction of the bowels, dyspepsia, and all the troubles caused by a sedentary life.

Flowers may be kept very fresh over night if they are excluded from the air. To do this, wet them thoroughly, put in a damp box and cover with wet raw cotton, or wet newspaper, then place in a cool spot.

Before beginning to iron sprinkle the table plentifully with water and lay on the ironing blankets. This will hold it firmly in place and prevent all wrinkling and shoving about. Never try to iron with a blanket having wrinkles or bunches.

To warm the hands or feet of a sick person, or to remove pain, heat a quantity of fine salt in a spider, and inclose it in a cotton bag; fold the edges of the bag over two or three times and secure it with small safety pins, or baste it across. The salt will keep hot a long time, and to tuck about the feet, or under the back, is more serviceable than bottles of hot water.

To keep ice in the sick room, cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligature about the mouth of an ordinary tumbler so as to leave the cup-shape depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours, all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water easily drains through it and the ice is kept quite dry.

It may not be known to some housewives that if flour is kept in a closet with onions or cabbages, it will absorb unpleasant odors from them; you may not notice this until the flour is cooked, but then you will. A large chocolate and cocoanut cake was prepared for a tea party not long since. It was not tasted until it was passed at tea-time, when the mistress observed a strong onion flavor, which though an excellent one in its proper place, was here a thing of evil. It was discovered afterwards that a basket containing onions had been left for two days in the storeroom with the flour, and everything, even the bread baked from this flour, had the onion flavor.

A roomy lounge in a bed-chamber is a great convenience. It affords an opportunity for an afternoon nap without disarranging the well-made bed, and many a careworn woman would lie down for a few minutes upon a lounge in her bedroom who would not think of resting in the daytime upon the bed. A long, broad, pine box, with wooden castors attached, makes an admirable lounge frame, or a narrow cot bedstead could be cut down to be of suitable height for a lounge frame. This should be supplied with a good mattress, or a covering of chintz or cretonne could be drawn over it, with a frill falling nearly to the floor. From one to three square pillows, similarly covered, would perfect this lounge, which could serve readily for a bed in time of need.—*Christian at Work.*

THE FAMILY ROUND TABLE.

I pity the family that does not possess some big round table, about which to gather in the evening. This is a family altar of cheer that will do much to take the place of the old-fashioned roaring fireplace.

No so-called 'centre-table' will answer the purpose, however beautiful and costly it may be. A marble-top table is an abomination for this purpose, good only for corners and bric-a-brac, absolutely worthless for schoolbooks and mother's work and the boys' games.

The family round table would best be the dining-table, if the dining-room is on the living floor, the table being adorned with a soft cover of some warm color. If the family round table is stationed here, there is no danger of interruption of the evening's arrangements for work and pleasure by chance callers that may come to see only one member of the family.

For the family round table there should be a good light,—one high enough above the table to send its rays over a generous circumference. There should be the soft cloth already mentioned, and, above all, the table should always be kept clear for action. If it is the dining-table, that will be the case. If it is a table in the sitting-room, it should not be made a permanent depository for books, magazines, and papers, work-basket, and household paraphernalia.

In a home thus furnished (and it is astonishing to see how many homes are lacking in this particular) the game of tiddledy-winks is always in order; the desire for dominoes is not thwarted by lack of space; there is a place for John to work on his scrap-book, and for Jennie to work at her new-quilt; there is a place for father to spread his newspaper, and for mother to lay her *Harper's*; there is an arena for jack-straws, and a round suggestive of crambo.

This family table gathers the household group, and binds them together in a magnetic circle of love and pleasure. There is something in the fact of its being a round table that no square table or oblong table can ever accomplish. If in order to get this family centre you must knock out all the bric-a-brac, and destroy the good looks of parlor or sitting-room, and even send to the attic the most expensive inlaid-top table, it would prove no loss, but a rich and permanent gain.—*Golden Rule.*

POLITENESS.

One of the prettiest sights in the world was witnessed in a public place the other day when a boy of nine years stepped out in advance of his mother and older sister, opened the door, held it with one hand, courteously raised his cap with the other, and waited for them to pass through. It put the blush on more than one mature cheek and caused many a mother with growing children to wonder why it was that her boys never did anything of that sort. The simple reason was that in that household courtesy was enforced from the cradle. The boy had never been permitted to suppose that he could pass through a door and allow it to swing back into the face of his seniors. At the age of nine years, he could offer his mother his arm, escort her to the table, place her chair for her, pick up her fan, handkerchief or gloves and perform any of the little polite acts of every-day existence, with the dignity and grace of a courtier. To say that he was admired by every one would not be in the least an exaggeration. In what striking contrast was his conduct with the indifferent, lounging carelessness of most of the boys with whom he was associated. But to attain this degree of ease and polish, it is scarcely necessary to say that the strictest rules of good-breeding were constantly observed in that family. It may be said that such things take too much time and trouble, and that one's home is a place for relaxation and indulgence in one's personal peculiarities. While this may be so the question would immediately arise just what habits and practices should be allowed, and whether, under any circumstances, bad manners, loafing and extreme carelessness are to be tolerated. When once one is trained to good form, some of the most objectionable features of every day indulgence become as distasteful as they were aforetime thought comfortable and almost necessary. All of which goes to prove the truth of the old quotation. 'How use doth work a habit in a man.'—*Ledger.*

THE SLEEPING-ROOM.

If there must be neglect in any part of the house, be careful to insure cleanliness in the sleeping-room. Look carefully after the washstand and the various utensils belonging thereto. The soap dishes and toothbrush mugs cannot be kept too scrupulously clean. All slops and foul water should be emptied very promptly. Wash out and sun all pitchers, glasses, and whatever vessels are used in the sleeping room. Never allow water or stale bouquets of flowers to stand for days in the spare chamber after the departure of a guest. Towels that have been used should be promptly removed, and no soiled clothing allowed to hang or accumulate about the room. Closets opening into a sleeping apartment are often the receptacles of soiled clothes, shoes, etc., and become fruitful sources of bad air, particularly where there are small children. After such places the housewife should look with a keen eye for objectionable articles, and remove them with an unsparing hand. I have encountered such closets, in which one might find all the odors traditionally belonging to the city of Cologne—any one of which was enough to suggest ideas of disease germs.

Even so innocent a piece of furniture as the bureau may by carelessness become the recipient of articles which may taint the air of your bed-chamber. Damp and soiled combs and brushes are not only unsightly and disgusting, but lying soiled and unaired from day to day will certainly contribute to evil air and odors, as will also greasy and highly scented hair ribbons, etc. Never lay freshly laundried clothes upon the bed; nor air the same in your bedroom, if possible to do so elsewhere. Do not hesitate to light a fire on cool mornings and evenings.—*Agriculturist.*

A NOVEL IDEA.

'Do you ever put your babies to sleep in bags?' asked an old nurse as she tucked in a family of little ones for the night. 'If not, I will give you a point that you may sometime find useful. I had at one time in my charge a very delicate infant. It seemed to have little vitality and very poor circulation, and it was impossible to keep the little thing warm. It was also very nervous and restless and needed constant watching, else it would kick itself out of all its wrappings. I taxed my brain for a long time to think of some way to keep it thoroughly protected, until finally I hit upon an idea. I bought a yard and a half of moderately thick felt, folded it over, leaving the folded portion for the foot of the bag, then shaped out the top in a sort of nightgown fashion. I sewed strong tapes on the edges, put the little one into the bag and drew up the strings. The felt came close to the throat, but not so close as to be at all annoying. A little cap of soft, thick wool was provided, and you would have been surprised at the child's improvement. I kept the little thing in the bag the greater part of the time for three months, night and day, then it came on very warm weather and I gradually left open one tape after another until I could leave it off altogether. I used to say that that child gained a pound a week, and I really think she did.'

HOW TO DRY WET SHOES.

When, without overshoes, you have been caught in a heavy rain-storm, perhaps you have known already what to do with your best kid boots, which have been thoroughly wet through, and which, if left to dry in the ordinary way, will be stiff, brittle, and unlovely? If not, you will be glad to learn what I heard only recently, from one whose experience is of value.

First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub well with kerosene oil, using for the purpose the furred side of Canton flannel. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid-dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and your boots will be soft and flexible as new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain. —*Harper's Bazar.*

THRIFT.

A Scotch clergyman, while going through a village was requested to officiate at a marriage, in the absence of a parish minister. Just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the man interjected the words 'and obey.' The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service, when the groom again interposed, with emphasis, 'Ay, and obey, sir,—love, honor, and obey, ye ken!' A few years afterwards the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. 'D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Well, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and behold, I am the only man that has a twa storey house in the hale toun!' The Scotchman went even further than Franklin, who said, 'The man who would thrive must ask his wife.'

RECIPES.

(From Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.)

WELSH RARE-BIT.—Half a pound of cheese two eggs, a speck of cayenne, a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of cream. Break the cheese in small pieces and put it and the other ingredients in a bright saucepan, which put over boiling water. Stir until the cheese melts; then spread the mixture on slices of crisp toast. Serve immediately.

BAKED BEANS.—Pick one quart of beans free from stones and dirt. Wash and soak in cold water over night. In the morning pour off the water. Cover with hot water, put two pounds of corned beef with them and boil until they begin to split open (the time depends upon the age of the beans, but it will be from thirty to sixty minutes). Turn them into the colander, and pour over them two or three quarts of cold water. Put about half of the beans in a deep earthen pot, then put in the beef, and finally the remainder of the beans. Mix one teaspoonful of mustard and one tablespoonful of molasses with a little water. Pour this over the beans, and then add boiling water to just cover. Bake slowly ten hours. Add a little water occasionally.

FRIED FISH.—All small fish, like brook trout, smelts, perch, etc., are best fried. They are often called pan-fish for this reason. They should be cleaned, washed, and drained, then well salted, and rolled in flour and Indian meal (half of each) which has been thoroughly mixed and salted. For every four pounds of fish have half a pound of salt pork, cut in thin slices, and fried a crisp brown. Take the pork from the pan and put the fish in, having only enough to cover the bottom. Fry brown on one side; turn, and fry the other side. Serve on a hot dish, with the salt pork as a garnish. Great care must be taken that the pork or fat does not burn, and yet to have it hot enough to brown quickly. Cod, haddock, cusk and halibut are all cut in handsome slices and fried in this manner; or, the slices can be well seasoned with salt and pepper, dipped in beaten egg, rolled in bread or cracker crumbs, and fried in boiling fat enough to cover. This method gives the handsomer dish, but the first the more savory. Where Indian meal is not liked, all flour can be used. Serve very hot. Any kind of fried fish can be served with *beurre noir*, but this is particularly nice for that which is fried without pork. When the cooked fish is placed in the dish pour the butter over it, garnish with parsley, and serve.

'TICK! TICK!'

TICK! TICK!

A TIMELY LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By H. E. Hunter.

I am no necromancer:—
If critics ask, how I, a watch, write rhyme?
Why, I have hands, I answer;
I keep right measure, and I keep good time.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

And as for my capacity,
Behold the wondrous works my case contains;
My little wheels' vivacity—
Do these not look akin to life and brains?
Tick. tick. Tick. tick!

My wheels revolve untiring
Like those of thought. But mine with useful aim
Are evermore conspiring
To show forth truth. Are human thoughts the same?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Observe my works' perfection.
Could human heads be opened by a touch,
Would theirs bear like inspection?
I've nought to hide. Can mortals say as much?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

My course is straight and steady,
Whether I am in public or alone;
Are human watches ready
To have their course of private action known?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Or say, is not humanity
On some points frailer than the clock-work classes?
I do not ask from vanity,
But only I make 'minutes' of what passes!
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

I err or stop but rarely;
In wilful fault I never speed along:
Does man use time as fairly?
And is he not to blame when he goes wrong?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

My maker's law I follow;
I make the most of time, however ample:
Man of religion hollow!
Might'st thou not benefit by my example?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Man is my guide and master,
I'm one of his most wonderful creations;
Yet he wears out much faster,
And dies: while I throb on for generations.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Despite man's best endeavor,
Time's withering touch upon his face appears;
While mine is fresh as ever
Through the long tick of all these many years.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Nothing I know of sorrow,
No change, no pain, no care, disturb my lot:
If I break down, to-morrow
My spring can be renewed; which man's cannot!
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

* * * * * *

But man has compensations;
No joys, no hopes, can earth to me impart;
Though full of fine pulsations,
There is no feel within my little heart!
Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

Man has immortal treasure
To cheer him as he journeys here below
Worlds with no time to measure,
Are not the worlds where I can ever go.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick. Tick, tick!

WHATEVER you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

A JAPANESE LILY.

A lady who, in her girlhood, was discouraged by her lack of beauty, but lived to become a leader of society, with hosts of sincere and loving friends, says: 'If I have been able to accomplish anything in life it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by an old teacher.

I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

'What is the matter, my child?' she asked. 'Oh, madame, I am so ugly!' I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you,' handing me a scaly, course lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name then. It is you! Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it, and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face, I too might be able to win friends and make myself beloved in the world.'

THE FUTURE OF ALUMINIUM.

Aluminium, which itself possesses a high degree of specific heat, does not really absorb heat itself, and thus is not liable to the chief objection to iron buildings in hot countries. But apart from light decorative purposes, such as balconies, cupolas, finials, and verandas, says the London *Spectator*, it is as a roofing material that aluminium should be most welcome to the builder. In plates or scales, two-thirds lighter than copper, uncorroded by air, and undimmed even by the sulphur of London smoke, it should make a roof fit for a palace of romance.

The humbler elements of health and comfort in the house hardly less important than its external defences against the weather—pipes, cisterns, taps and gutters, now made of iron which rusts or lead which poisons—would be more enduring and far more healthy if made of this light and cleanly metal, which might also take the place of all water-holding vessels now made of heavy brittle earthenware or painted tin. An aluminium bath is among the probable luxuries of the next century. But it is not as a mere accessory to comfort and convenience that real development of the new metal should lie. It is for use at sea that its most marked quality of lightness obviously fits it.

The marine engineer and the naval architect, who are already looking in this direction for a reduction in the weight which is inseparable from loss of efficiency, whether in speed or cargo, cannot neglect the possibilities of a metal which, when mixed in the proportion of 1 to 50, gives to aluminium-bronze a hardness and toughness which make it almost as reliable as steel and which, if the proportions could be reversed and the strength preserved, would reduce the weight of ships and machinery alike by two-thirds. That is a problem which awaits the metallurgists for solution. The reduction in cost, judging by analogy, can only be a question of time and research.

The best steel now costs little more than 1-2d. per pound, while aluminium is fifty times that price. But aluminium exists in far greater quantities than iron, is more widely distributed, and neither the limits of time nor the history of metallurgy forbid us to conjecture that, as the world has seen its age of stone, its age of bronze, and its age of iron, so it may before long have embarked on a new and even more prosperous era—the age of aluminium.

A LITTLE GIRL went home from a missionary meeting and said to her mother 'There are only eight missionaries in Siam, but when I grow up there's going to be one more.'

FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE HISTORIAN.

The Baltimore *Sun* gives this outline of the life work of Francis Parkman, the historian, who died recently:

Mr. Parkman's last sickness was brief, peritonitis being the cause of death. It was only recently that he celebrated his seventieth birthday, in an unostentatious manner, receiving few callers, but a great many letters and telegrams came from all parts of the world. His home, on the south bank of Jamaica Pond, was one of the most beautiful residences in the suburbs of Boston, and it was there that he did his best work in his last days. Several months ago Mr. Parkman's condition was regarded as serious, and fears of his death were entertained, but he rallied from the attack. He remained, however, in a weakened condition, and when attacked by peritonitis his vitality was insufficient to sustain him.

Francis Parkman, whom 'Blackwood's Magazine' recently called 'the most eminent American historian now alive,' was born in Boston, Sept. 16, 1823. In 1840 he entered Harvard College, and it was then, at the age of seventeen, that he planned a project, since realized, of writing a history of the French and Indian wars. He resolved to live the life of Indians in order to fit himself for the work he had projected. Early in the spring of 1846 he started west.

Through the region now covered by the States of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado he travelled. For weeks he lived among the Indians, partaking of their food and living their rough life. His health, however, suffered severely by this exposure. The account of his travels was published in the 'Knickerbocker Magazine,' and afterward appeared in book form under the title, 'The Oregon Trail.' This appeared in 1847.

After this work was completed Mr. Parkman resumed his work on the 'Conspiracy of Pontiac,' which appeared in 1851. After it was completed the condition of Mr. Parkman's health obliged him to lay aside literary pursuits and to devote himself to his physical welfare. His health recovered to a small extent, and in 1856 he published his first novel, "Vassall Morton.'

'The Pioneers of France in the New World' was given to the public in 1865. This was followed two years later, in 1867, by a remarkable volume, the only one of its kind, upon the 'Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century.' In 1869 appeared 'La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.' 'The Old Regime in Canada,' 'Count Frontenac,' 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' 'A Half-Century of Conflict' followed, and these volumes have taken place beside the works of Prescott and Motley as among the worthiest products of American historical writings.

STIRRING BIOGRAPHIES.

BY JULIA B. SCHAUFFLER.

In the 'Life of Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army,' we find that when she was twenty-three years of age she wrote to William Booth, her future husband: 'I was very much pleased to hear that you were going to read Mr. Fletcher's life. I hope you will always keep some stirring biography on the read. It is most profitable.'

Truly such counsel as this is always in season, for it is always needed. What can move one more quickly to active effort than the thought of the unselfish example of some energetic worker in the field of science, philanthropy, or religion? How it quickens all one's pulses to read the heroic story of Captain Allen Gardiner or Ion Keith-Falconer! With what a sigh of regret do we turn the last page of a book like Miss Yonge's 'Life of Bishop Patteson!'

Little did Catherine Mumford realize, as she wrote those words, that when her own life's history came to be written, it would form just one of those 'stirring biographies' of which she was thinking. Even if our sympathies are not fully with the Salvation Army, it is impossible to read this story of complete consecration to the work of the Master without having our hearts moved to the deepest admiration.

From the time when as a child of five she stood on a footstool by her mother's knee reading the Bible, down to her last message of encouragement from her death-bed to the soldiers of the Army, her life seems to have been devoted with almost unswerving fidelity to her great aim. Her one aim in life was to 'compel them to come in,'—to compel the careless ones, the sinful ones, the despairing ones, to listen to the gospel message. Of this she speaks, of this she writes, for this she works, and to this and she lives, showing a wholehearted devotion which is as unique as it is admirable. Study, then, this story of splendid service, and let our sluggish natures be roused to new efforts as we read of all that this frail woman accomplished. For we must recollect that much of her wonderful work, as a speaker and organizer, was done while she was suffering from physical weakness which would have sufficed to put many a woman on a couch in a darkened room. Her preparation for her life-work can be told in a single sentence. She had read the Bible through eight times before she was twelve years old! Even as a child she showed a wonderful sympathy for suffering of every kind; and it is recorded that when she saw a poor miscreant being taken off to jail by a policeman, she ran and walked bravely beside him all the way, to show him that somebody cared for his sad plight.

She became an earnest Christian at sixteen, and married, while still young, the energetic Methodist preacher William Booth, who, like herself, was living with a single aim. She helped him prepare his sermons, and wrote many herself, and gradually she became convinced that it was her own duty to preach. Her husband was preaching in a small country village, with a very modest stipend, and her hands were full with the multiform duties of a pastor's wife with young children. Timid by nature, she fought desperately against the convictions of her own heart; and how the important step was taken at last is best told in her own words. It was in 1860 that she began to preach. She was in church listening to her husband's preaching. 'It seemed,' she said, 'as if a voice said to me: "Now, if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul, as well as to the people." I gasped, and said, "Yes, Lord, I believe thou wouldst." Then the Devil put in a word: "You are not prepared," he said. "You will look like a fool, and will have nothing to say." He made a mistake. He overreached himself for once. It was this word that settled it. "Ah," I said, "this is just the point; I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one." I stood—God only knows how; and if any mortal ever did hang on the arm of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm; but it was a divine one which held me up. "I dare say many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God. But I have come to realize that I have been disobeying him. I have promised the Lord to do so no longer, and have come to tell you that henceforth I will be obedient to the holy vision." There was more weeping, they said, in the chapel that day than on any previous occasion.'

The die was cast, and from that moment until the day of her death she never laid down the cross she had taken up; and thousands still on earth can testify that through her sweet, clear voice first came to them the invitation to drink of the water of life. She was untiring in her labors in parlor meetings, on the platform, or among the poor in their own homes. But with all this outside work she did not neglect her family, and three sons and five daughters, all working now with unusual energy in the cause of evangelization, are the best proofs possible of her wisdom as a mother, and her power as a Christian leader.

The idea of the Salvation Army grew gradually, as Mr. and Mrs. Booth found it impossible to reach the masses through the church. They could not induce the people they wanted to help to enter a church. It gives one more sympathy with some of the unusual methods of the Army to read how they were first introduced, and what good effects they produced on the lowest class in the great cities of England. The story of the heroic patience with which Mrs. Booth endured the fearful sufferings of the last two years of her life cannot be told here. But the loving devotion of husband, children, and friends brightens the sombre picture; and when we read of the fifty thousand men and women who thronged around her bier, to catch one last look at her dear face, we realize that she had not lived in vain. The triumphant ring to General Booth's voice as he gave his last tribute to her over her grave, is the fitting expression of our Christian faith, and should be found more often at the funerals of believers. Why should we sorrow as those who have no hope?

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

It is impossible to read this story without having our hearts stirred within us; but there will be no result, but deeper depths of lethargy, if we do not turn our emotion into action. Let us be up and doing, if we are to learn the lesson which such a book should teach.

It is most interesting to note the influence of one life upon another, and singular trains of such impressions can be traced in our religious biographies. Henry Martyn was deeply touched by the life of our own David Brainerd. John Wilson went to India because of Henry Martyn's influence. Keith-Falconer was a follower of John Wilson. And so the true apostolic succession goes on. Let us then be careful to keep a 'stirring biography on the read,' that we may open our hearts to such good influences. The titles of several such books occur to me, and may be helpful to others. 'The Life of Joseph Neesima,' with his great aim, cannot fail to be of service. George Smith's new 'Life of Henry Martyn' is very fine, and deserves a place on the bookshelf beside the 'Life of William Carey' and the 'Life of Dr. Duff.' 'The Life of Lord Shaftesbury,' by Hodder, is the story of self-sacrifice and patient waiting which teaches a splendid object-lesson. Read the lives of 'Mackay of Uganda' and 'Gilmour of Mongolia,'—men whose grand devotion to the lands of their adoption have given them titles more honorable than that of Lord Napier of Magdala.

Let us not be familiar with the heroes of the world, and utterly ignorant of the heroes of the cross. Many a Christian woman could give the plot of Tolstoi's last novel, or the history of the women of the French salons, who could not tell you one word of the story of David Livingston, or of Judson or Moffat. The kingdom of Christ endures. Let us study the history of the kingdom, work for the kingdom, live for the kingdom. Life is too short for us to read everything; let us read the best. —*Sunday School Times.*

WOODEN PLATTERS.

In one of the oldest institutions of learning in this country, a college in which hundreds of penniless boys have been gratuitously fed, clothed and fitted for honorable careers, there is a little room in which are preserved the humble belongings of its first founder: the rough settle which stood in his cabin, the iron pot in which he cooked his corn, the heavy wooden platter from which he ate.

'Wooden platters,' says an old chronicle of colonial days, 'are to be preferred to tin, because as our meat is tough as leather, it is necessary to fasten it with the fork down to the wood in order to cut it.'

Probably not one of the lads who now receive the bounty of an education from the long-dead hand of the founder look into the little room without pity for the bare, hard lives of the pioneers in this country. Which of their descendants would choose to be shut into a cabin by vast and gloomy wildernesses, to plough and dig all day, and to eat leathery meat from wooden platters?

But in all the accounts of the lives of these men which have been preserved there is one great event always recorded: the time when they were 'converted,' as it was technically called; the time when the man resolved to forsake sin and to serve God.

Was a life bare which had that event in it?

What did the coarse food or wooden platters matter if man found God, and talked to Him in the bush?

Now, in these later days, we do not often enough think of the day when we shall finally turn away from the old life, in which God is not recognized, and take Him as our Friend.

Can it be that our richly decorated habit of living, the dainty food, the costly service, the very beauty and luxury of civilization, which seem necessities to us, come between our souls and the one thing needful for them?—*Youth's Companion.*

FATAL TO SUCCESS.

Twenty years ago it was often true that a young man who drank beer or wine, or even whiskey, in moderation might be advanced to places of great trust and responsibility. It is now scarcely possible. The habit is simply fatal to success. I do not believe there is a single reputable business house in Chicago where an employee who drinks intoxicants of any kind has anything like an even chance of promotion. The taking of a single glass of beer may, and often does, mean losing the chance of a lifetime. Brainy boys, and young men, teetotalers from principle, are plentiful enough to fill all the places in the line of promotion.—*Interior.*

A YOUNG INEBRIATE excused himself to a young white ribboner by saying, 'My heredity is against me'; whereupon she made him this well-instructed answer: 'If you had lived up to your best heredity instead of down to your worst, you might have been a man of whom all your friends would have been proud.'

[For The Messenger.

THE CLOUD IN CLARA'S SKY.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

Clara felt very good-natured. She wore a new blue frock, and an embroidered linen apron, because her mother was going to take her to Aunt Patty's to spend the afternoon. Clara liked to go once in a while to see the new and pretty goods in Aunt Patty's little store, and to rummage in the waste box behind the counter hunting for scraps of gay paper for cardboard dolls' frocks and aprons.

Something else made Clara happy that day. Her father had gone to the city, which was a long way off; and he had promised to bring her something nice. The very fact that she did not know what it was to be, made her happy; her head was full of joyous fancies about it.

'May be father'll come back while we're gone,' said Clara, as Mrs. Bent locked the door of the little gray house among the trees above the river.

'I don't know whether he will or not, Clara; but I do know that I want you to behave well to-day so that you won't have your bad conduct to trouble you if we do find him here when we come back. You will want to be happy then, without a cloud.

'There isn't a single cloud in the sky,' said the little girl, looking up as they went down the path, 'and there shan't be one in my sky either!'

Aunt Patty's store was lively with ladies looking at new muslins and ribbons; and while Mrs. Bent talked with them, and helped the busy shopkeeper, Clara found many gay, glossy rolls of blue and yellow paper in the big box, and tiny gilt strips for trimming the dolls' clothes. She cut out jackets and pinafores to her heart's content, and watched the ladies buying laces and artificial flowers in blonde frills for their bonnet fronts, until the store was quiet and the three went out to take tea in Aunt Patty's neat kitchen. Clara enjoyed the rolls and jam; her thoughts going off by-and-by from her afternoon's pastime, to the pleasures she would have at home when her father should bring the mysterious 'something.'

After tea when they went into the little parlor, her head was full of the same happy plans; but Aunt Patty soon said something which brought a sudden violent opposition into the childish soul so serene hitherto.

'Eliza, you had better not go home to-night. You can stay as well as not, and it will be more lonely down there after being away for a while. He may be home to-morrow,'

Clara flew to her mother's side.

'No, no! Say you're not going to stay one step, mother! I'm just sure father'll be there to-night, and I want the present.'

'But you could have the present to-morrow as well, Clara,' said Mrs. Bent quietly. 'I thank you Aunt Patty; but I planned to go back to-night, and I think I would better go.'

'Now, I can't see any reason for your going,' said the good old lady, 'there's nothin' pertieu'ler calling you home to-night, and you can go early in the morning if you want to.'

'No, no! Come, go!' screamed Clara, pulling at her mother's gown, 'don't let her make you stay!'

'If I choose to stay I shall do so, my dear,' said her mother, 'sit down and be quiet.'

But the passionate little girl only screamed the more loudly; and Aunt Patty, getting up from her chair called in a severe voice.

'Clara! come here to me!'

Angry as Clara was, she dared not disobey the sudden, stern command; and Aunt Patty led her into the kitchen, taking a tall, old candlestick from the shelf and lighting the candle; after which she bade Clara follow her up-stairs. Slowly the half-frightened child went up the steep, narrow stairs behind the tall, straight figure of Aunt Patty, who marched across the entry toward a dark recess where her winter's supply of dry wood was always stored.

'O, my sakes!' thought Clara. 'She'll put me in there and the wood'll all tumble down on me!'

'Come in here!' called the voice; and Aunt Patty opened her chamber door, while the relieved little girl went in and stood as bidden, before the stern, great aunt, who sat on the bed holding the candle, and fixing her quiet gray eyes upon the troubled pair below her.

'Now, Clara Bent, do you think you're doing right to act as you've been acting, and teasing your mother so? Answer me!'

'No'm'; admitted Clara, dropping her head.

'Now, will you be a good girl and do just as your mother says while you're here?'

'Yes'm,' promised Clara after a long pause. She did want to get away from those eyes, and the quiet chamber.

'Very well now, we'll go down and I hope to see you a nicely behavin' little girl;' said Aunt Patty, leading the way down-stairs and into the parlor.

'I've concluded to go home,' said Mrs. Bent, as they came in. She had on her bonnet, and came forward with Clara's hat and cape.

'She meant to go all the while,' thought the little girl, 'and I needn't have made a fuss, and I wish I hadn't!'

The evening was quiet and beautiful, Mrs. Bent and Clara walked slowly down the road without saying a word. Clara wished that her mother would say something; she would rather be scolded than bear the silence. She could not enjoy the beauty of the evening, seeing only a naughty girl pulling her mother's gown and screaming. Then there was the long ditch by the road-side where the frogs made a great noise; she had walked by it before without feeling afraid; but now she ran around to the other side, and held fast to her mother's shawl. The river plashing against the rocks on that side frightened her too, and when she saw a tall dark form coming quickly toward them in the dusk, she cried out for fear.

'O, there's a dreadful robber, I'm sure!' and stood quite still. Then the form came close to them and the 'robber' took Clara up in his arms and kissed her, for it was her own dear father who had come home; and Clara and her mother were very happy.

There were no more thoughts of the 'naughty girl' until the door of the house was opened, and Clara went into the kitchen, where mother lighted a lamp, showing the 'something' standing in the middle of the floor.

'O a little rocking chair!' cried the pleased child, caressing the cane seat, red arms and bunch of gay roses on the back, and then seating herself to rock as hard as she could. 'O I'm just dretful happy!'

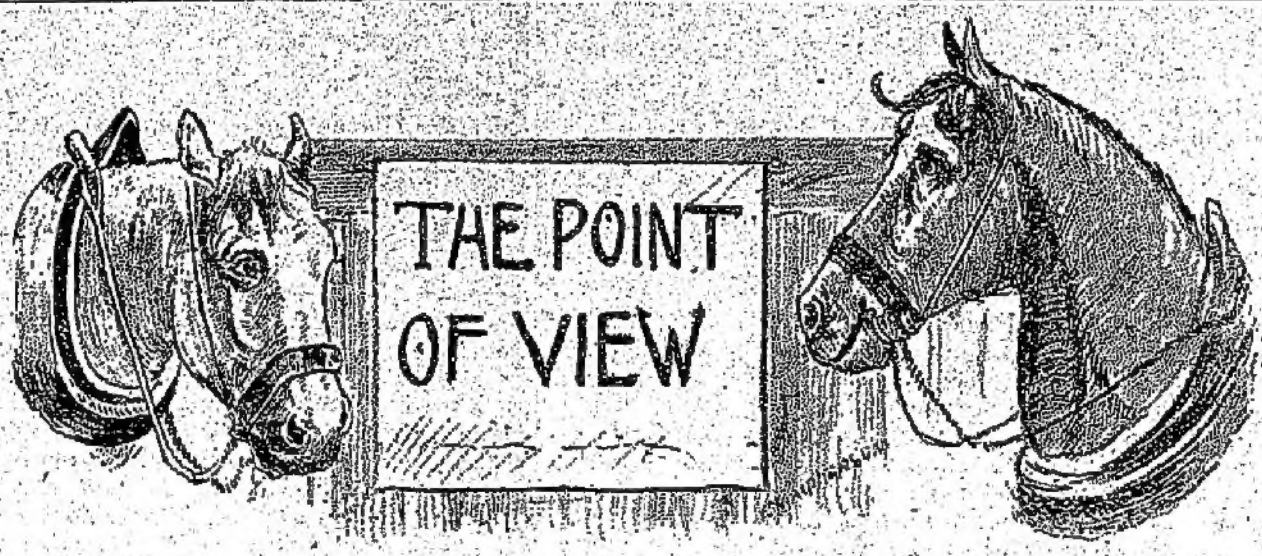
Then she suddenly stopped and her face grew very sober. Her father laughed; but her mother looked searchingly at her little girl.

Clara got up and came to her mother's side.

'There was a cloud—an awful, black, nasty one after all!' said she, hiding her face. 'I wish I hadn't let it come 'cause it spoils my rocking chair, just like a big cloud hiding the sun!'

And then she went to her kind father and told him all about the naughty girl and the cloud. Then by-and-by, she told another Father kinder still, and the cloud in Clara's sky must have been taken away, for the next morning she was a joyful girl again leaning against the red roses, and clasping the red arms as she rocked herself and her blue and yellow paper dolls over the kitchen floor.

Troubles Are in God's catalogue of mercies.



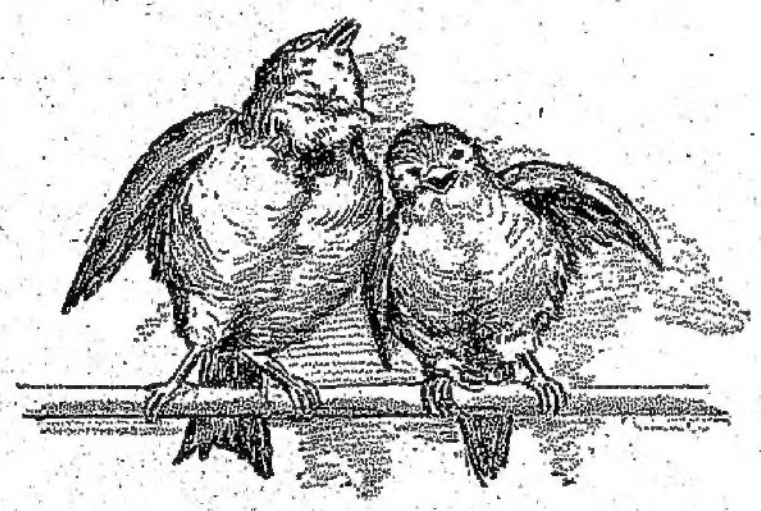
Said the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:
'Eh, but life's a pull!
Half at least of every day
My cart is full.
Half of every year—
Talk about the lark!—
I must leave my warm bed
While it is dark.

'Half the food I live on,
Every day,
Is—I give my word for it—
Only hay.
Half my time, yes, fully,
Cold days and hot,
I must still keep going,
Whether I can or not.'

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse:
'My work is half play,
For my cart is empty
Half of every day;
Half of every year, too,
I go to bed at night
Knowing I can stay there
Till it is light.

'Master likes his horses
With glossy coats,
So half my food is always
The best of oats.
What with nights and standing
While they unload,
Half my time I'm resting,
Not on the road.'

Two little sparrows, perched up on a beam,
Broke into laughter with a perfect scream,
Mr. Sparrow chuckled, 'Who'd believe it, dear?
Their food and work are both alike all the livelong year.
—*Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.*



A MISSIONARY HEN.

Harry—'Mamma, can I have a missionary hen?'

Mamma—'What is a missionary hen?'

Harry—'Why, don't you know? It is a hen that you put eggs under, and when she hatches out the little chickens, and they grow large enough, you sell them and give the money to the missionaries.'

Mamma—'Rather a long but very good definition. Who told you about the missionary hen?'

Harry—'Mr. Jones. He was telling us how to raise missionary money.'

Mamma—'And this hen was one of the ways. Well, what did this particular hen do?'

Harry—'She hatched eighteen chickens, and the man who owned her sold the chickens for four dollars and fifty cents, and gave it all in the missionary collection.'

Mamma—'That was a good hen, and I am sure she will prove quite a success in the mission cause if she continues.'

Harry—'If you would let me have old Betty, the brown hen, I'm sure I could raise some chickens.'

Mamma—'I will give you the hen if you will feed and tend the young chickens until they can be sold.'

Harry—'To be sure I will, and thank you very much, mamma. I shall have a lot of money to give if old Betty does her part.'

Mamma—'I knew of a little girl who had a hen, but instead of raising chickens she sold the nice fresh eggs which the hen laid and made one dollar, and sometimes more, every month, which she gave to missions.'

Harry—'Do you think I could save Betty's eggs and sell them?'

Mamma—'I am sure you can sell all that she lays. Her eggs are very large and nice, and Mrs. Watson said that she would pay fifty cents a dozen for them, and buy them every week.'

Harry—'That's good! Now I'll have plenty of money to give to missions. I'm going to call Betty Chang Lee's hen, because all the money from our class goes to support Chang Lee, a little Chinese orphan boy.'

Mamma—'I am sure you will be much happier in thinking of and helping others, than if you were to spend the time and money for your own amusement.'

Harry—'And now I must begin to save Betty's eggs, and as fast as I sell them the money shall go in the little tin box until missionary Sunday.'—*Sophie S. Smith, in Little Messenger.*

Last Year, New York city paid four million dollars for schooling, seven million dollars for amusements, and sixty million dollars for drink.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A COMPANY FACE.

Once on a time, in a far-away place,
Lived a queer little girl with a company face,
And no one outside the family knew
Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.
The change she could make with wondrous celerity,
For practice had lent her surprising dexterity,
But at last it chanced on an unlucky day
(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),
To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,
She failed to effect the desired transformation!
And her caller, a teacher, Miss Agatha Mason,
Surprised her with half of her company face on,
And half of her every-day face peeping out.
Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,
Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile
That shone on her 'company' side all the while.
The caller no sooner had hurried away
Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;
And, after a night spent in solemn reflection
On the folly of features that can't bear inspection,
She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place,
Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face,
Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in,
Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin.
But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,
And her relatives think 'twas a red-letter day
When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason
Surprised her with half of her company face on.
St. Nicholas.

'SHE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING OF THE KIND BEFORE.'

AN ANGEL OF THE SLUMS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

(Concluded.)

Elnathan had forgot all about Jean havin' any relatives in the big eastern city where they stopped first. Good land! Their little idees and images had got all overlaid, and covered up with glass angels, orchids, bank stock, some mines, palm houses, political yearnin's, social destractions, carved lattice work, some religious idees, and yots and club houses, etc., etc., etc.

But when he decided to leave the Little Maid in the city, and not bring her to Jonesville (and I believe my soul, and I always shall believe it, that he wuz in doubt whether we had things good enough for her. The idee! He said he thought it would be too much for her to go round to all the relatives—wall, mebby it wuz that! But I shall always have my thoughts).

But anyway, when he made up his mind to leave her, he give the nurse strict orders to not go down into the city below a certain street, which wuz a good high one, and not let the Little Maid out of her sight night or day.

Wall, the nurse knew it wuz wrong, she knew it, but she did it jest as Cain did, and jest as David did when he killed Ury, and Joseph's brothers, and Pharo, and you and I and the relations on his side, and on yourn.

She knew she hadn't ort to. But bein' out a walkin' with the Little Maid one day, a homesick feelin' come over her all of a sudden. She wanted to see her sister, wanted to like a dog.

So, as the day wuz very fair, she thought mebby it wouldn't do any hurt.

The sky wuz so blue between the green boughs of the park. There had been a rain, and the glistenin' green made her think of the hedge rows of old England, where she and Kate used to find birds' nests, and the blue wuz jest the shade of the sweet old English violets. How she and Katy used to love them. And the blue, too, wuz jest the color of Katy's eyes when she last see 'em full of tears at partin' from her.

She thought of Elnathan's sharp orders not to go down into the city, and not to let the Little Maid out of her sight.

Wall, she thought it over, and thought that mebby if she kept one of her promises good she would be forgive the other.

Jest as the Israelites did about the manny, and jest as you did when you told your wife you would bring her home a present and come home early—and you bore her home a bracelet—at four o'clock in the mornin'.

And jest as I did when I said under the influence of a stirrin' sermon, that I wouldn't forget it, and I would live up to it. Wall, I hain't forgot it.

But, tennyrate, the upshot of the matter wuz that the nurse thought she would keep half of her master's orders; she wouldn't let the Little Maid out of her sight.

So she hired a cab—she had plenty of money. Elnathan didn't stent her on wages. He had his good qualities, Elnathan had.

And she and the Little Maid rolled away, down through the broad, beautiful streets, lined with stately houses and filled with a throng of gay, handsome, elegantly-clothed men, women and children—down into narrower business streets, with lofty warehouses on each side, and full of a well-dressed hurrying crowd of business men—down—down—down into the dreadful street she had set out to find.

With crazy, slanting old houses on either side, forms of misery filling the narrow filthy streets, wearin' the semblance of manhood and womanhood; and, worst of all, embruted and haggard and aged childhood.

Filth of all sorts cumbering the broken old walks, and hovering over all a dreadful, sickenin' odor, full of disease and death.

Wall, when they got there, the Little Maid (she had a tender heart) wuz pale as death, and the big tears wuz a rollin' down her cheeks at the horrible sights and sounds she see all about her.

Wall, Jean hurried her up the rickety old staircase into her sister's room, where she and Kate fell into each other's arms, and forgot the world; while they mingled their tears and their laughter and half crazy words of love and bewildered joy.

The Little Maid sot silently looking out into the dirty, dreadful courtyard, swarming with ragged children in every form of dirt and discomfort, squalor and vice.

She had never seen anything of the kind before in her guarded, love-watched life; she didn't know that there wuz such things in the world.

Her lips was quiverin', her big, earnest eyes full of tears, as she started to go down the broken old stairs. And her heart full of a desire to help 'em—so we spoze.

But her tears blinded her.

Half-way down she stumbled and fell.

The nurse jumped down to help her. She wuz hefty, two hundred was her weight. The stairs jest hangin' together by links of planked rottenness fell under 'em—down—down they went, down into the depths below.

The nurse wuz stunted, not hurt, only stunted.

But the Little Maid, they thought she wuz dead as they lifted her out. Ivory white wuz the perfect little face, with the long golden hair hangin' back from it, ivory white the little hand and arm hangin' limp at her side. She wuz carried into Katy's room; a doctor wuz soon called. Her arm wuz broken, but he said after she roused from her faintin' fit, and her arm wuz set—he said she would get well, but she mustn't be moved for several days.

Jean, wild with fright and remorse, thought she would conceal her sin and get her back to the hotel before she telegraphed to her father.

Jest ez you thought when you eat cloves the other night, and jest as I thought when I laid the Bible over the hole in the table cover when I see the minister a comin'.

Wall, the little arm got along all right, or would, if that had been all; but the poison air was what killed the little creeter.

For five days she lay, not sufferin' so much in body, but stifled, choked with the putrid air, and each day the red in her cheek deepened, and the little pulse beat faster and faster.

And on the fifth day she got delirious and she talked wild. She talked about cool, beautiful parks bein' made down in the stiflin', crowded, horrible courts and by-ways of the cities.

With green trees under which the children play and look up in the blue sky, and breathe the sweet air; she talked about fresh, dewy grass on which they might lay their little hollow cheeks, and which would cool the fever in them.

She talked about a fountain of pure water down where now wuz filth too horrible to mention.

She talked very wild; for she talked about those terrible, slanting old houses bein' torn down to make room for this paradise of the future.

Had she been older, words might have fallen from her feverish lips of how the woes and evils and crimes of the lower classes always react upon the upper.

She might have pictured in her dreams the dramas ever bein' enacted in the pages of history—of the too sorely oppressed masses turning upon the oppressors, and driving them, with themselves, on to ruin.

Pages smeared with blood might have passed before her. And she might have dreamed, for she wuz very delirious—she might have dreamed of the time when our statesmen and law-givers would pause awhile from their hard task of punishin' crime, and bend their energies upon avertin' it.

Helpin' the poor to better lives, helpin' 'em to justice, takin' the small hands of the children and leadin' 'em away from the overcrowded prison and penitentiaries toward better lives.

When charity (a good creetur, too, charity is) but when she would step aside and let justice and true wisdom go ahead for a spell.

When co-operative business would equalize wealth to a greater degree; when the government would control the great enterprises needed by all, but adding riches to but few; where comfort would nourish self-respect, and starved vice retreat before the dawnin' light of happiness.

Had she been older, she might have babbled of all this as she lay there the victim of wrongs inflicted upon the low, a martyr to the folly of the rich, and their injustice toward the poor.

But as it was, she talked only with her little fever-parched lips of the lovely, cool garden.

Oh! they wuz wild dreams, flittin', flittin' in little, vague, tangled ideas through the childish brain.

But the talk wuz always about the green, beautiful garden, and the crowds of little children walkin' there.

And on the seventh day (that was after Elnathan got there, and me and Josiah bein' telegraphed to.)

On the seventh day she begun to talk about a Form she saw walkin' in the garden, a presence beautiful and divine, we thought, from her words. He smiled as He saw the happiness of the children. He smiled upon her; He wuz reaching out His arms to her!

And about evenin' she looked up into her father's face and knew him; and she said somethin' about loving him so, and somethin' about the beautiful garden, and about the happy children there. And then she looked away from us all with a smile; and I spozed, and I always shall spoze, that the divine One a walkin' in the cool of the evenin' in the garden, the benign Presence she saw there happy in the children's happiness, drew nearer to her and took her in His arms. For it says: 'He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.'

That wuz two years ago. Elnathan Allen is a changed man, a changed man.

I hain't mentioned the word 'surplus population' to him. No, I hadn't the heart to.

Poor creetur! I wuz good to him as I could be through it all; and so was Josiah.

His hair got white as a old man's in less than two months.

But with the same energy he brought to bear in makin' money he brought to bear in makin' the Little Maid's dream come true. He said it wuz a vision.

And, poor creeter! a doin' it all under a mournin' weed; and if ever a weed wuz deep, and if ever a man mourned deep, it is that man.

He tore down them crazy, slantin' rotten old houses, and made a park of that filthy hole, a lovely little park, with fresh, green grass, a fountain of pure water, where the birds come to slake their little thirsts.

He set out big trees (money will move a four-foot ellum). There is green rustlin' boughs for the birds to make nests in, cool green leaves to wave over the heads of the children.

They lay their pale faces in the grass, they throw their happy little hearts onto the kind, patient heart of their first mother, nature, and she soothes the fever in their little breasts, and gives 'em new and saner idees.

They hold their hands under the crystal water dropping forever from the outspread wings of a dove. They find insensibly the grime washed away by these pure drops, their hands are less inclined to clasp round murderous weapons, and turn 'em toward the lofty abodes of the rich.

They do not hate the rich so badly, for it is a rich man who has done all this for them.

The high walls of the prison, that used to loom up so hugely and threateningly in front of the bare, old tenement houses, the harsh glare of them walls seem further away, hidden from them by the gracious green of the blossoming trees.

The sunshine lays between them and its rough walls.

They follow the glint of the sunbeams up into the heavens.

THE SPOT IN HIS ARMOR.

I have read of a knight
Whose armor bright
Was strong to resist the foe;
There was only one spot
Like a wee little dot
Where an arrow might lay him low.

Only one place
Where, in battle or chase,
He feared that a fatal dart
Might, entering in,
Its dark way win,
And smite, like death, to his heart.

So often he rode
Where the red sun glowed
On the steel-blue flash of the spears;
And, like fiery Mars,
Without wound or scars
Went on through the splendid years.

Till alas! one day,
On its poisoned way,
An arrow of hate was sped!
And it found the flaw
By a subtle law,
And the champion knight fell dead.

I know a boy
With a look of joy,
And of truth on his open brow;
I hope he will stand
At the Lord's right hand.
For the Lord hath need of him now.

There are hosts of sin
That are trying to win,
On the crowded field of life;
The hopes we prize,
And the light of our eyes,
In a stubborn and baleful strife.

And our dear young knight,
With his face to the right
In armor proof is clad;
His weapons ring
With the strength of the King,
And his soul is alert and glad.

But one little spot,
Alas! it is not
Safe from the enemy's dart!
If it enter there,
Nor is turned by prayer,
It shall strike to the brave knight's heart.

Like a blighting rust,
Like a clouding dust,
Is the sin that doth most beset.
In the hours of pride,
By the tempter tried,
That sin we are prone to forget.

My precious boy
With the look of joy,
And the blazing courage of youth,
Pray God to-day
That no flaw may stay
In your heaven-forged armor of truth.

M. E. SANGSTER.

PAW MAING NAUNG.

Mrs. Harriet C. Stevens, of the Baptist Missionary Union, tells in the *Independent* an interesting story concerning a Burman convert. Mrs. Stevens says:—

A recent visit to Bahmo (our northernmost mission station in Burma) has brought to mind afresh the story of Paw Maing Naung's conversion. He was chief of a village in the mountains east of Bahmo; and when from the lips of one of the Karen missionaries he heard of Christ, he said: 'I like that religion and I want to enter it.' 'But,' said the preacher, 'if you become a Christian you must give up opium and not work on the Sabbath.' He agreed to these conditions and immediately stopped taking opium. Of course this made him very sick; and as he rolled on the floor in his agony his friends begged him to take 'just a little.' Some added: 'You will die if you don't;' but he remained firm, saying if he must die he must, but he was going to be a Christian. After a time health returned. Then came the occupation of Upper Burma by the British. The Karen preachers were recalled to Lower Burma, and this man was left without any one to help him on in his Christian life. When the British troops came to the mountains and reached his village he promptly came forward, saying: 'I am a Christian, only I have not been baptized yet.' 'All right, if you are a Christian show us the roads here,' replied the officer in charge. He gave them the information they wanted, and they moved on. Then his friends and neighbors came down upon him for befriending their enemies. Their threats became so loud he concluded the wisest course would be to leave. So, with his family, he fled to town, and there got work at a rupee a day in charge of a gang of coolies. When Sunday came he was ordered to take his men down to the steamer landing, as some timber had arrived for barracks. He said he could not do that, as it was Sunday. 'What's that to you?' said a petty Burman official. 'Why, I'm a Christian, only I haven't been baptized yet.' 'Very well, if you don't work to-day, you need not work at all,' was the rejoinder. After some days he was missed by the English officer in charge, and on learning the story he said: 'Let him work; only deduct his pay for Sundays.'

It was at this juncture, six years and a half ago, while Mr. Stephens paid his first visit to Bahmo, and while there he had the privilege of baptizing this man and one other Kachin.

Naturally enough, on arriving again at this frontier station two months ago Mr. Stevens inquired how Paw Maing Naung was getting on. We were much gratified to learn that he had been elected deacon of the Kachin church, and that his wife also had become a Christian.

In return for the losses he had suffered in befriending the British Government they have granted him an acre of land free from taxation adjoining the Kachin mission compound, and there we found him looking after his little field of paddy. He has a comfortable house also, surrounded by a thriving garden, showing his energy and industry.

He gave up all for Christ; but in his life has been exemplified the truth of the saying that 'godliness is profitable for this life as well as the life to come.' May he be followed by many more such sturdy Christians from that sturdy race!

SEATS OF LEARNING.

'We usually think of the cities as centres of cultivation,' said a college professor recently, 'but my observation convinces me that there is more reading done in the farm houses than there is in the city.'

Undoubtedly this gentleman was right. Reading habits are the exception rather than the rule among the majority of people in the cities. These people are 'too busy to read,' but not too busy to go to theatres, or base-ball matches, or promenade the streets. The life of the city is unfavorable to reading habits.

The people on the farm are very busy, too, and generally regret that so little time is left them for the improvement of their minds. Nevertheless, few farm-houses are unprovided with periodicals of various sorts. Many farmers' families possess excellent books of their own, with sets of encyclopedias in which they are accustomed to 'look up' subjects.

The state of things on the farm, especially in the winter, encourages evening reading instead of discouraging it. It is a change from the farm work—a delightful peep into a new world.

The farmer who wishes his boys and girls to acquire habits of reading can cultivate in them these habits nowhere so well as in his own sitting-room or living-room. Books from the village library, good periodicals regularly subscribed for or taken with reading clubs, and a book now and then bought with the children's own earnings, will be read eagerly, if the home surroundings are made pleasant.

The president of a great college has said that the most that a college education can do for a man is to teach him how to read, and in these days of Chautauqua circles and university extension, no one need go to the great cities to acquire the essentials of cultivation.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW LOVE CONQUERS.

BY AGNES J. BEARD.

There is no higher honor in this world than being a faithful Sunday-school teacher. My class of boys is so much a part of myself that I truly rejoice in their joy, and grieve in their sorrow. And the key-note of it is, I love them, and show them that I do. To each one in a different way, to be sure, because the individuality of each one is so different. Some were easily won; others I yearned over and longed for with an earnestness that few but Sunday-school teachers can understand.

Those two that resisted my overtures were polite, attentive, and, to an outsider, all that the others were, but I knew they did not give me what my heart craved,—love. I felt there must be some door that I could enter in, if I could only find the key. They had souls that would forever carry the marks of beauty or marring upon them, and just at the time when impressions are made which shape their characters forever, and mould their destinies. But at last my hand held the key that unlocked the closed hearts. One of them was ill. I went to see him. On my first visit he seemed embarrassed, and only talked when I talked to him. But the second time I went to his room, his face lit up with something more than an ordinary friendly greeting; it was genuine heart-love shining out. I had won him.

The other boy, I was beginning to feel, would never be anything but indifferent to me, when, one sad day, a message came from him that his mother was dead. I hastened to him, and, grown-up lad as he was, the first thing he did was to put his head on my shoulder and sob out his grief. My steadfast love to him had conquered. I can dimly understand, in a limited human sense, 'the love that passeth understanding' that Christ has for us, and how some of his professed followers hurt his great loving heart, just as the indifference of those boys hurt mine.

They may seem to the world, and even to their fellow Christians, all that is required. But God and themselves know there is no love there, that their Christianity is only an outward show; and is it not a sad thing that sometimes sorrow or loss is the only thing, as in the case of my boys, that will open their hearts to the Christ who wants to make their lives glad and happy? As the boy that lost his mother and turned to me for comfort instead of to his professors at college or his gay friends, so God knows some of his cold, indifferent followers need some great disappointment or loss to come into their lives to hav them understand that he wants,—not their service, given from a sense of duty, nor their money, because others give, but their love; then all these things will follow, but with such a different spirit.

Just as now my hard-won boys are the best in the class, they have only to know that I want some service done and they do it, not from a sense of cold duty, but because they know they are pleasing me, and that is sufficient for them. How happy it makes me to know this! If we would only 'do with our might what our hands find to do' for the Master in this spirit of loving service, how our lives would be filled with sweetness and gladness. If our love were more simple, we would take him at his word. All those boys had to do, was to let me love them, and they could not help giving some love back. All we have to do, is to let God love us, and we cannot help giving some love back.—*Sunday-school Teacher.*

HIDDEN POWER.

Esther Martine was a poor, untutored colored woman, crippled and disabled by rheumatism. Her home was in a little hovel without a sign of beauty but the rose that clambered to the roof, and opened its fragrant pink blossoms every June in bright contrast with the coarse, unpainted structure. It was perched on the edge of a high hill, where one side had been excavated to form the High street of a small town, and was reached by a long flight of rickety steps.

But here Esther, cared for by a widowed daughter, had her vantage ground. She was free from intrusion, and could overlook her neighbors. Placed in her armchair every morning, she could look down upon the street, and note the comers and goers all the day long.

Every man, woman and child accustomed to traverse the paved walk on either side of the street, she knew 'by name or sight.' It was her only diversion to watch them, and it did really seem to draw her mind from her aches and pains to notice their doings and their attire.

But her heart was not centred on the outside by any means, for she was a sincere 'lover of the Lord,' and she would wonder if those she saw were the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, and her constant prayer was that they might learn to love and trust the Saviour.

One day the good deacon who brought her the small monthly stipend allowed her by the church, said:

'You will have something new to pray for this week, Esther. We are going to have special meetings every afternoon and evening, and we know you will join your prayers with ours for God's blessing.'

Esther's soul was on fire in a moment. She clasped her crooked hands, and her eyes were suffused with tears.

'I will, Massa Brush, I will!' she exclaimed, and then instantly reverting to her street people she asked, 'Massa Brush, is John Switzer a church man?'

'No, Esther; his wife has been praying for him these twenty years.'

'Now's his time,' she whispered with a nod of her head. 'Is Massa Drew?'

'No, he had a good praying mother, but he is a very ungodly man.'

The black head moved again. 'Nothing is too hard for de good Lord,' she said, as if accepting another charge.

'And how's dat Farnum, he dat keeps the shoe store?'

'He's not a Christian.'

'Massa Cheever?'

'No.'

'Dey all go by here, two, free, four times ebery day. I'll pray de Lord for dese, Massa Brush, dese dat's close by me.'

No one knew how devoutly Esther prayed. The deacons went to the meetings, the good women of the church visited and labored with sinners, the ministers prayed and preached, but no one thought, not even Deacon Brush, of the poor, old shut-in, up in the tumble-down cabin in High street, or dreamed of the grand part she was taking in the precious work of grace that was refreshing the church. But there she sat, day by day, as the meetings went on, and wept and supplicated for souls.

She mentioned the names she knew before the throne, and those she did not know by name, she designated in her own quaint fashion.

And the glory of the Lord came down and filled that little cabin, and that humble saint shouted 'Hallelujah,' for she knew that she had the blessing she asked.

Among the forty who were received a few months later into the communion of the church were twelve persons, men and women, young and old, who lived in High street, or daily passed through it, whom Esther afterwards identified as 'de chillun God gave me.' They were those for whom she had personally prayed.

Poor Esther! 'Poor, yet making many rich!' She makes us ashamed when we think how we, with health, abundance, and every favoring circumstance, often say, 'I have no opportunity to do good!'

If every other door is closed, can we not enter into the holy place, as she did, and win souls to Christ by the power of prayer?—*Faithful Witness.*

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